A New SONG

Lately come from

IRELAND.

To the Tune of, **Cavaleiro-man.**

I.

THere was an *Iriſh* Army brave, (have;
That a *Popiſh* Prince of *Wales* would
An Hen-peckt *King*, and a Prieſt-ridden *Queen*,
They gallantly fought for on the Green,
they gallantly, &c.

II.

They fought with many a bloody Curſe,
But few of their Enemies were the worſe;
They charg'd when they could ſee no Foes,
For they love to fight, but hate the blows,
for they, &c.

III.

The Valiant General *Tyrconnel*,
Mac *Guire*, mac *Carty* and mac *Donnel*;
Mac *Pope*, mac *Devil*, and all were along,
With an Army Threeſcore Thouſand ſtrong,
with an Army, &c.

IV.

They plagu'd and plundr'd *Proteſtants* well,
And ſpanſil Thieves good pen-worths did ſell;
They took the Garriſons every where,
Becauſe no Enemy did appear,
becauſe no, &c.

V.

They charg'd their Guns with Powder & Ball,
And prim'd their Noſes with ſneezing all;
(1) your Souls to the Devil — Then (1.) *Hannum an-Diowl* you figgs they (cry,
St. *Patrick* now for *Ireland* hey,
St. Patrick *now*, &c.

VI.

At laſt they heard an *Engliſh*-Drum,
(2.) beware the *Engliſh*-man — (2) *Huggut a Saſanagh* yonder they come;
Then away they throw both Pike and Gun,
And *Shane*, and *Teige*, and *Dermot*, do run,
and Shane, *and* Teige, &c.

VII.

(3.) ſtay, ſtay, ſtay, — Stay a while *Teige*, arroo (3.) *furry, furry, furry*,
No be me ſhoul, a *wirry, wirry, wirry*;
By the Virgin *Mary* we are all undone,
For *Shane*, and *Teige*, and *Dermot* do run,
for Shane, &c.

VIII.

Arroo ſhoulder your Pike, (4.) *cur a Peek er da* (*wholen*, — (4.) put your Pike on your back.
Or elſe we muſt pay for the Cows we have ſto-
(5.) *Fogrim da ſhian*, arroo fire your Gun, (len; — (5.) the Devil take your head.
No be me ſhoul to *de Bogg* I will run,
no be me ſhoul, &c.

IX.

Now the devil take all our *Prieſts* & our *Fryars*, — (6.) by my ſhoul
(6.) *Der diegh* they have left us faſt in the bry- — (7.) by my Go-ſips hand
(7.) *Lawmaharrus-Chreiſt* we are all undone, (ars;
For *Shane*, and *Teige*, and *Dermot* do run,
for Shane, &c.

X.

We have loſt both Purgat'ry and our Eſtate,
Both the Field & the Bench we bragg'd of late;
For now the good *Catholick* days are done,
Since *Shane*, and *Teige*, and *Dermot* do run,
ſince Shane, &c.

XI.

Dear joys give us leave to return to our brogues,
We'll burn our *Paddreens* and leave off to be Ro-
To ſerve K. *William* or any that come, (gues;
Poor *Shane*, and *Teige*, and *Dermot* will run,
poor Shane, &c.

XII.

Our *Popiſh* Queen and *Catholick* Cauſe,
We'll quite forſake and yield to the Laws;
We'll grant our Prince of *Wales* is beſhit,
And own him to be but a counterfeit Chit,
and own him to be, &c.

XIII.

(8.) *A-gra-ma-chree*, come do what you will, — (8.) my dear joy.
Henceforth we will be for the *Proteſtants* ſtill;
In paying you Rent, and kiſſing your bum,
Poor *Shane*, and *Teige*, and *Dermot* will run,
poor Shane, &c.

This may be Printed, *J. F.*

FINIS.